Never Again to Fly so High

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Summary: A poem about war. I guess it doesn't have to be Animorphs, but I was inspired to wright it by them

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The Universe falls within this maze of death and gore and blood filled haze.

We find no way to release our tolls as on and on this nightmare rolls.

I've seen the tears, I've seen it all, I've seen blood smeared across the walls.

And when it ends, all gone for good, I'll find a way home, if I could.

When my heart is forever cold, I'll somehow replace my missing soul.

But will I love, could I feel, or will I become a mindless meal,

To those hungry ears that savor my heroism, but never see the true terrorism.

The stars cry then go silent as they fall from the sky, never again to fly so high.

Am I here or gone, this has seemed to go on for so very long.

I feel as if I've been struck immortal, wishing I could fall into a death-owned portal.

To live or die, to give or cry, to kill once more, or to just be still.

I've asked these questions of the stars, behind these thick and metal bars.

But I have forgotten what I've done, making me cry and withdraw my gun.

For the stars cry then go silent as they fall from the sky, never again to fly so high.

-GoldenEagle

End
file.